

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton  
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?  
Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;  
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt  
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale  
You aske with such a Violence, the King  
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:  
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors  
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,  
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The King that gaue it.

*Car.* It must be himselfe then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

*Car.* Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better  
Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

*Sur.* Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land  
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,  
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,  
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,  
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all  
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:  
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,  
Abolu'd him with an Axe.

*Vol.* This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any priuate malice in his end,  
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witness:  
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,  
You haue as little Honesty, as Honor,  
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,  
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,  
Dare mate a founde man then Surrie can be,  
And all that loue his follies.

*Sur.* By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,  
Thou should'st feele  
My Sword it's life blood of thee else. My Lords,  
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?  
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,  
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,  
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,  
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

*Card.* All Goodnesse

Is payson to thy Stomacke.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,  
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:  
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets  
You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse  
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,  
As you respect the common good, the State  
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,  
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)  
Produce the grand summe of his finnes, the Articles  
Collected from his life. He startle you  
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench  
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

*Car.* How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

*Nor.* Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:  
But thus much, they are foule ones.

*Vol.* So much fairer  
And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,  
When the King knowes my Truth.

*Sur.* This cannot saue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember  
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,  
You'll shew a little Honesty.

*Vol.* Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,  
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those, then my head;  
Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power,  
You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

*Nor.* Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King  
To be your Seruant.

*Suf.* Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of King or Councell, when you went  
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

*Sur.* Item, You sent a large Commission  
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude  
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,  
A League betwene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

*Suf.* That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd  
Your holy Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.

*Sur.* Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,  
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes  
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndoing  
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,  
Which since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my Lord,

Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:  
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them  
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him  
So little, of his great Selfe.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,  
Because all those things you haue done of late  
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,  
Fall into'th'compasse of a Premunire;  
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,  
Castles, and whatsoeuer, and to be  
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

*Nor.* And so wee'l leaue you to your Meditations  
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer  
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,  
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.  
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

*Vol.* So farewell, to the little good you beare me.  
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
The tender Leauers of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
And then he falls as I do. I haue ventur'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.  
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe.

*Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.*

Why how now *Cromwell*?

*Crom.* I haue no power to speake Sir.

*Car.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder  
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep  
I am false indeede.

*Crom.* How does your Grace.

*Card.* Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,  
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,  
A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,  
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,  
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders  
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken  
A load, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)  
O'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden  
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

*Crom.* I am glad your Grace,

Has made that right vse of it.

*Card.* I hope I haue:

I am able now (me thinkes)

(Out of a Portiude of Soule, I feele)

To endure more Miseries, and greater farre  
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.  
What Newes abroad?

*Crom.* The heauiest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the King.

*Card.* God blesse him.

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen  
Lord Chancellor, in your p'ce.

*Card.* That's somewhat sodain.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice  
For Truths sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,  
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,  
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.  
What more?

*Crom.* That *Crawmer* is return'd with welcome;

Install'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

*Card.* That's Newes indeede.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady *Anne*,

Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,

Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now

Onely about her Coronation.

*Card.* There was the waight that pull'd me downe.

*O Cromwell,*

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories

In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.

No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,  
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted  
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwell*,  
I am a poore false man, vnworthy now  
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King  
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,  
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:  
Some little memory of me, will stirre him  
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let  
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good *Cromwell*  
Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide  
For thine owne future safety.

*Crom.* O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needs forgo

So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?

Bear witness, all that haue not hearts of Iron,

With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaues his Lord.

The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayes  
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

*Card.* *Cromwell*, I did not thinke to shed a teare

In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me

(Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.

Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwell*,

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;

Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,

And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,

Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:

A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.

Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:

*Cromwell*, I charge thee, sing away Ambition,

By that sinne sell the Angels: how can man then

(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?

Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more then Honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace

To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;

Let all the ends thou ay'm'st at, be thy Countries,

Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell*)

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:

There take an Inuentory of all I haue,

To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,

And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,

I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,

Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale

I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age

Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

*Crom.* Good Sir, haue patience.

*Card.* So I haue. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

1 Yare well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold  
The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis